

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XVI.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1887.

NO. 277.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

E. C. WALTON. - Business Manager.

JAY GOULD and family have sailed for Europe to be gone several months. It is stated that he goes to be absent when the anarchists are hung, as he has been notified by their friends if he does not use his money and influence to prevent their execution, his life will pay the forfeit. But even Jay needs not be afraid. If the seven Chicago fiends are hung as they should be it will have such a salutary effect that there will be no violence attempted by the anarchists for a season at least.

GEN. GORDON, of Georgia, is making speeches in Ohio for Gen. Powell, democratic nominee for governor, and is creating great enthusiasm everywhere he appears. The general carries a bullet wound and a bayonet mark on his person as evidence that he was in the thickest of the fray when yank and reb met each other, but he long since accepted the results of the war in a manly spirit and would fight as quickly for the union now as he did for the loved but lost cause.

THE Georgians are not drinking as much whisky as they used to, but according to Collector Branchaw they are making a heap more of it. Last year there were 30 distilleries in operation, now there are 63; the tax has increased \$12,000 and the capacity of all the distilleries have been enlarged. With nobody to drink it, we would think that whisky would become as cheap there that even a moonshiner would give up the business in disgust.

THE express messenger who killed the two train robbers near El Paso, Texas, has been paid \$2,000 by the governor, the express company will cover that amount and the railroad company present him with \$1,000, making \$5,000. The hero bears the modest and common name of Smith, but he is the most boasted man in the great State of Texas to-day.

ALL the newspapers in the State are complimenting Col. Sam M. Burdett's "In and About Kentucky" column in the *Courier-Journal*, one going so far as to say it is worth all the balance of the paper together. The fact is the column is good at anything he goes at and never fails to make what he writes about both interesting and instructive.

THE *Jessamine Journal*, under charge of the McGarys, *per se*, is making rapid strides to the front. It has been enlarged a column all round and its get-up shows that experienced men are at the helm. Brother Barnes' letters will now be regularly reproduced in it.

RIGGS, a life convict in the Atlanta penitentiary, seized a revolver and killed the convict who stabbed the superintendent, and thus prevented a wholesale prison delivery. Riggs has earned his release if ever a man did and he ought to have it.

THE Chesapeake & Ohio railroad has been placed in the hands of a receiver on the petition of Collis P. Huntington, who claims that it owes him \$1,772,876. Gen. Williams C. Wickham, the second vice-president, is the receiver.

Glenn Charley Henderson has been arrested for swindling a man in Virginia out of \$1,500.

The governor has refused to interfere in the case of Tuck Agee and he will be hung at Lexington next Friday.

The Teachers Association for Lincoln county met, per appointment, at Wayneburg, Friday, Oct. 28th, p. m. There was a large and interested assemblage of the citizens present; the sessions being held in the commodious church. The president being absent W. F. Niles was called to the chair and the organization completed by making E. B. Caldwell secretary.

In consequence mainly of the demoralized state of the teachers, the attendance of teachers was small. Mrs. Nannie Lambert, Miss Edith Morgan, Miss Ellen Gooch, Mrs. E. J. Fankler and Messrs. G. Singleton, William Bastin and W. F. Niles being all that reported. Most of those appointed to lead on the programme were absent.

After devotional exercises by the Superintendent and music by the choir and a brief address by the chairman, the first topic on the list, "The Educational Value of Music," was discussed by Mrs. Lambert, Prof. Niles and J. A. Bogie.

"The Advantages of Education" was opened by request by Mr. J. T. Curtis, in an interesting address and continued by Dr. W. B. O'Bannon, (Gardland Singleton and W. F. Niles.

"The Probabilities of the Public Schools in Kentucky" was discussed at length by Mr. Lambert, Dr. O'Bannon, J. T. Curtis, L. P. Reynolds, Bogie, Caldwell and Niles. Adjourned until nine o'clock to-morrow.

Saturday morning—Discussion of last topic continued by Mrs. Lambert, Miss Morgan and Bogie and closed with an able talk by Prof. Niles. "The Philosophy of Teaching" was, by request, opened with a strong argument by the Superintendent, followed by Mrs. Lambert, Miss Morgan, Messrs. Singleton, Curtis and Niles.

Mrs. Lambert and Miss Morgan, committee on resolutions, reported the following: We, your committee, take pleasure in reporting our appreciation of the manner in which this meeting has been conducted and our lively sense of the courtesy extended by the citizens of Wayneburg to the teachers present.

We feel that much good will result to both parents and educators from the exercises. If teachers will illustrate in practice the sentiment given utterance to in this meeting we will soon stand on equal footing with our co-laborers in other States. Respectfully submitted,

NANNIE M. LAMBERT, Committee.
EDITH MORGAN,
Association then adjourned.
E. B. CALDWELL, Secy. W. F. NILES, Chm.

PERSONAL.

J. P. EMERY, of Madison, was in town yesterday.

Mrs. T. P. HILL is visiting relatives in Parksville.

Prof. HERVEY HELM, of Perryville, was here Sunday.

Miss E. T. ROCHESTER is visiting her sisters in Louisville.

Miss BELLE COOKE, of Hustonville, is visiting Miss Lottie Bailey.

Mrs. S. S. MYERS and children are in Louisville visiting relatives.

Miss LULA MOCK went up to Crab Orchard yesterday to visit Miss Leila Doore.

Mr. JOHN L. COLYER, county attorney of Pulaski, was here on legal business Friday.

Miss NANNIE MONTGOMERY, of Columbus, is visiting Mrs. Nannie Montgomery.

Misses SALLIE ELKIN and Honeywood Huffman, of Lancaster, have been guests at the College.

Miss LUCY PHILLIPS, art teacher of Garrard Female College, was visiting Misses Annie and Lou Dunn.

Mrs. TAYLOR, of Huntington, W. Va., who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Bourne, has returned home.

Miss ANNIE LOGAN, of Knoxville, is visiting friends here. Always pretty she seems to grow more lovely all the time.

Miss NANNIE WOOD, well known here, and Mr. Bowen Fox, of Danville, will be married at Providence Church, November 16th.

Mr. HARRY RANNEY, of the Lexington Roller Mills, who was here with his pretty wife last week, says he sold in one day 375 barrels of flour.

Mrs. M. F. ELKIN and children leave to day for several months' visit to Albany, Ga. Mrs. S. P. Satter, who has been visiting her, will accompany them.

Misses ANNIE McKINNEY and Annie Alcorn are back from a visit to Miss Jennie McKinney, near Hustonville, where they had the biggest kind of a time.

Mr. MORRIS J. FARRIS, who has been traveling extensively in the far West, visited his relative, J. E. Farris, last week. His travels seem to have agreed with him.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. HUGHES, Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. F. J. Campbell have returned from Rock Castle Springs and are now in winter quarters at the home of the first named.

Mr. J. H. HOCKER left Sunday for his new home in Higginsville, Mo., where the good wishes of his army of friends here will follow him. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hocker also left by the same train.

Mr. S. C. LACKEY, who lived at Dallas, Texas, a long time after leaving here, has located at Kansas City and gone into business, we learn from his father, Hon. G. A. Lackey, who recently returned from there.

LOCAL MATTERS.

A FRESH stock of fine Candies just received at A. A. Warren's "Model Grocery."

THE mercury was down to 21° yesterday morning and ice formed to the thickness of an inch.

THE crop of chestnuts is a fair one and they sell at \$2.50 per bushel. S. S. Myers bought 12 bushels at that price.

I AM daily in receipt of an elegant line of all and winter military, which I invite the ladies to call and examine. Sawade Brothers.

BIG bargains in comforts, blankets, cloaks, shawls, warm underwear, overcoats, and in fact everything the people need at P. W. W. Great Bargain Store.

THE grand jury is after the whisky vendors with the sharpest of sticks. The drug stores and various individuals are catching it at the rate of three to a score or more cases apiece.

DEATH.—Capt. W. W. Johnson came up from P. O. Saturday with the body of his little nine months old child, Willie, who had died of brain fever, and it was buried in the Straub lot in Buffalo Cemetery.

OUR new press has not arrived yet, and owing to the fact that we have to use an other of different make until it does, the make-up of the paper is a little off from the regular way, but you'll find everything by looking for it.

CIRCUIT COURT.—Col. Bibb was too ill to proceed with his case and it was laid over till to day. The case of Guernsey for murder was continued till the 13th day. The divorce suit brought by Jennie Clay was dismissed at her costs. The case of Frank Martin for house-breaking was continued and he was released on his own recognizance. For some reason or other the court has not been in session since Friday.

A FATAL MISTAKE.—Saturday night a physician prescribed for Miss Chestnut and her little boy, both of whom were sick. The dose for the woman contained considerable morphine and when she went to give it to the boy she got them mixed and gave him the morphine instead. In his weak condition it was too much for him and soon lapsing into unconsciousness, it was not long before he was a corpse. The mother appears greatly distressed and there is no suspicion of foul play.

DID you see the crowd at Powers' Great Bargain Store all last week?

J. R. PAUL has pitched his photograph tent on the Will Craig lot and is ready for work.

New Pickles, Chow Chow and Catsups just received at A. A. Warren's "Model Grocery."

THE grand jury has refused to find an indictment against John Payne for the murder of David Stephens. If there ever was a clear case of self-defense Payne seems to be able to establish it.

OUR Presbyterian friends will have to add \$100 or so to Rev. A. S. Moffett's salary in order to help him support his large and growing family. His wife presented him with another girl Friday, making in all four girls and two boys.

THE Page Dramatic Company will hold the boards at the Opera House to-morrow, Wednesday night. Their play, "Under a Cloud," is said to be a genuinely realistic and thoroughly sensational drama. Admission 25, 50 and 75 cents, the latter for reserved seats, which can be had at McRoberts & Stage's.

SHERIFF CLARK, of Clay, passed down to Frankfort Saturday, with Will Helton and Hari Redwine, who were sent up for 3 and 2 years each for burglary. He also had John Wells, who had become crazy since his incarceration in jail for a felony, taking him to the Asylum. Nothing was done in the election murder case.

HYDROPHOBIA.—In the latter part of August a dog belonging to Mr. Emory bit a hog at Mike Rutherford's. His little son Hugh went to drive him off and he was also bitten. The dog, supposed to be mad, was killed. About two weeks ago the hog, after showing every sign of hydrophobia, died, and Saturday night the boy also died, after terrible suffering, from the same horrible affliction. The corpse was a case of natural one in appearance. Twenty four hours after death what looked like perspiration poured from every pore and there were other strange features connected with it.

A YOUNG THIEF. For several Sundays Capt. Thomas Richards has been missing from his change drawer in the postoffice such sums of money, varying from 60 cents to \$1.00. Last Sunday he concluded to set a trap for himself, so he had Marshal Leisner to get in by the back window and conceal himself in a lot of sacks. The captain then locked the inner door of the office, leaving the outside open as usual and went away. The marshal did not have long to wait before Mike Emory, a little negro, climbed over the partition and going at once to the drawer emptied it of its marked contents of \$1.45. The officer did not say anything, but waited till the boy got out and then grabbed him. He acknowledged the theft, but said it was his first time, that another negro boy had done the previous work. As it was known that he had spent \$35 or \$40 recently, he was questioned as to the robbery of Mr. J. R. Alford, when he admitted that he knew who did it, but the boy had given him \$10 not to tell. The age of the little rascal is stated to be 13 to 17, but he is small even for the first number. He comes by his interesting propensities honestly, as he is from a family of natural born thieves. The penalty for robbing a postoffice is not less than five years in the penitentiary and if the boy's size does not weigh with the court, he will be given all the benefit.

NEWSY NOTES.

Secretary of the Navy Whitney is very ill.

J. L. Danforth, a prominent citizen of Louisville, is dead, aged 67.

An Italian fell from a balloon 500 feet upon an iron fence and was impaled alive.

The county judge of Marion only got \$150 and the county attorney \$300 a year.

The anarchist case is now with the Supreme judges, argument for them having closed Saturday.

Henry Passmore, the murderer of young Paxton at Harrodsburg, has been held without bail.

Filburn Baker, a large Fayette county farmer, has shipped with a Cincinnati woman, leaving wife and children.

The propeller V. Mon was to pieces during a gale on Lake Michigan and most of her crew of 22, besides a valuable cargo, were lost.

The remains of Gov. Madison, which were burned at Belfast in 1819, were removed to the Frankfort cemetery Saturday. It was the first Kentucky governor to die in office.

A G. Whittaker rode 323 miles on a bicycle in less than 24 hours, beating all previous records. The race was made on a course at Crawfordsville, Ind., and the rider fell off 15 pounds during the effort.

By the running away of a horse attached to a wagon in which she with her father and four children was driving in Louisville, Mrs. George Baumach was instantly killed and her father, Gilles Kauf, fatally hurt. The children escaped unhurt.

Judge W. B. Fleming attacked and beat with a cane Mr. B. DaPont for alleged slanders that have appeared in his papers concerning him. From the different statements of the case printed it is hard to tell whether the "stickman" was right or wrong in the attack, but most likely he was wrong.

MARRIAGES.

Miss Lottie, daughter of Major Henry T. Stanton, was married at Frankfort last week to Philip Carpenter, a druggist of that city.

On Wednesday, Oct. 26th, at 4 o'clock p. m., by Rev. J. Walden, of the Christian church, at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. Cyrus Moberly, on Sugar Creek, in Garrard county, Mr. William Wall, a good, clever bachelor, of near McCreary, to Mrs. Bettie M. Farris, of near Paint Lick, formerly of Kirksville, a beautiful and lovely young widow of thirty summers and one that is loved by all who know her. Accept our congratulations, Mr. Wall, as you could not have beaten this selection in the State of Kentucky. W. P. PREWITT.

RELIGIOUS.

The Presbyterian evangelist, J. M. Evans, has held 550 services during the year and taken 650 confessions of faith, or organized one church, has had one church building erected and raised some \$10,000 for carrying on the work.

Elder J. S. Sweeney presided at Mackville, Washington county, last Sunday and of the 298 members of the church in which he preached, all except 18 are Sweeneys or of the family. During his stay in the county, Elder Sweeney shook hands with more than 500 members of the Sweeney family, descendants of three great uncles and two great aunts of Brother Sweeney, who moved to that county in 1801. [Paris Kentucky Jan.]

Rev. P. G. Elsom organized a "Sunbeam Society" at the Baptist church Sunday afternoon with about 50 members. The following officers were elected: Miss Kate Hall, president; Miss Letitia Williams and Joe Severance, Jr., vice presidents; Joe F. Waters, treasurer; Ed Nevins, assistant; Mrs. Elsom, secretary; Miss Monti Harris, organist; sergeant-at-arms, Sam Menefee and George B. Wearin; standing committee to solicit new members, Jess Wearin and Will T. Lockyer; "men" committee, John M. Hall, Jr., and Manly Tyree; committee on making money, Amos Goocher and Forest McClary; committee on programme, Miss Hanna Fair, Mrs. Elsom and Miss Kathleen Hall. The regular meeting day will be the 4th Sunday afternoon in each month. Mrs. R. B. M. Elsom assisted in organizing, she being president of a similar society in her husband's church at Millersburg.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

James Givens sold to C. R. Harris 6 nice 1,050 pound cattle at 3 cents.

T. R. Walton bought of C. C. Withers a lot of corn delivered at \$3 per barrel.

Wm. Murphy sold to Knox, of Boyle, a 2 year old filly, by Abdallah Messenger, for \$150.

D. N. Prewitt bought a bunch of 1420 pound cattle of J. H. and Robert McAtister at 33 cents.

W. M. Lackey sold the 38 yearling mules, advertised in this paper, to Mr. Colfer, of Wayne, at \$77.50.

G. B. Barnett and Cal. Underwood bought of R. R. Gentry's heirs 109 acres of the home tract at \$35.

W. M. Fields, Jr., of Danville, after winning \$1100 in the last three weeks, with Walker, by Harry O'Fallon, sold him for \$1,025.

A party of Richmond gentlemen have sold to an Ohio firm 65,000 acres of land in Breathitt county for \$80,000, realizing a profit of \$17,000.

John M. Hall sold a pair of 4-year-old mules to John W. Marler, of Rockcastle, for \$250, and sold 88 sheep, 111 pounds average, at 3 cents, to Adam Pence.

Winter Brewer has sold to J. M. Board and T. F. Alexander 300 head of hogs for lot of December delivery at 44 cts. per pound. [Harrodsburg Democrat.]

G. B. Woodcock and others, of Kentucky, have bought of Judge J. M. Phillips' firm of real estate brokers, in Kansas City, 5 acres of land on 27th street for \$32,000.

A Red Squirrel sold at Lexington Friday for \$2,300. W. F. Owsley, of Burkeville, was the purchaser. Red Squirrel is the name of a stallion and he has taken many premiums this season.

At Dr. J. B. Owsley's sale on the Pennington farm Friday, 34 yearling mules brought \$67; 2-year-old cattle \$2.70 per hundred, cows \$1.60 to \$2.00; bull \$25; stock hogs 3 cents; oats 10 cents and corn at heap, \$2.50. No satisfactory bid being made on the farm it was withdrawn.

THE LAWYERS vs. FELAND.

There were six great lawyers in Stanford town; Welch, Sandley, Hill, Alcorn, of great renown; With McRoberts and Bradley, both anxious and ready.

To pounce upon one little farmer, so needy, The counsel were drawn up in legal array, And showed themselves anxious to join in the fray.

While poor little Feland, all sad and forlorn, Looked as though he had rather he'd never been born.

Said Feland, "If any have doubts of the laws, Just wait till the jury looks to my cause!" So the trial went on, and he marched off the field, Bearing six great lawyers stoned dead on his shield.

IF the tricks of the law make wrong appear right, And things that are black look as though they were white; There is always a show for one poor little sinner, Or six mighty lawyers to come off the winner.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

Samuel Hysinger is very low with typhoid fever.

A child of Tom Clark died at Langford Friday.

The water mills are idly longing for the "dew drop's fall."

Wm. Harper sold his 300 acre farm on Eagle Creek for \$700.

After this date the postoffice at this place will be open on Sundays from 8 to 9 A. M.

Mr. W. L. Martin, the genial K. C. agent at Livingston, has our thanks for items.

William Barnett and Miss Alice Mullins, of Brush Creek, were married Sunday evening.

Dr. Davis has bought of James Otter the house recently occupied by J. W. Newbitt for \$500.

The natural gas works has been piped to main street. Refer to Shost Ping and Dr. Davis for particulars.

The Court of Claims was very liberal in their allowance of claims. A fuller report will be given in next letter.

Mr. I. J. Munday has an old Canadian copper coin which he says was made in 1352. That coin maker was somewhat ahead of Columbus.

Adam Catron has returned from Georgia and the South, where he had been to sell two cars of horses and mules. He reports a dull market.

Dr. Davis was called to perform a surgical operation on a little son of Harvey Carleton on Rockcastle River a few days since. The operation was successful.

Simon Denney, a very highly respected citizen of Level Green, will celebrate 100th birthday by giving a big dinner to his friends and neighbors Nov. 8th.

Henry Carleton, of Skaggs Creek, was blessed with his second pair of twins on the 26th—a boy and a girl—Grover and Blainey, for the president and James Blaine.

Born to the wife of S. B. McClure, Rockcastle River, on the 26th, a girl, usual weight. George Cook, postmaster at Livingston, has moved to his property recently purchased of Joseph Sambrooks.

The school-house near William Albright's was burned last Wednesday, thought to be incendiary. The school house at Disputants was burned Tuesday evening.

"Tom," the owl, proved to be such a good rat catcher his services are in great demand. William Henderson has leased his services for a month to guard his barn against the ravages of the depredating rodents.

That great railway magnate, C. P. Huntington, came down the K. C. via Livingston Saturday evening on his way, it is said, to Bell county on a hunting and fishing excursion. The game that he is probably looking for in that direction is an outlet for his road from Livingston.

Dr. W. A. Brown, of Parkville, was here Sunday to see his father, who is quite sick. Tom Livesey is down with typhoid fever. George Sigman, the boy so badly hurt by being thrown from a horse is having spasms and not expected to recover. Jim Jordan is down with typhoid fever.

John Sowers, who has been confined to his bed for 16 years, is now able to go about the house. The mother of Mr. T. G. Taylor, who was struck speechless last week, died Friday. Mike Jennings, who lately returned from the Lexington Asylum, died Wednesday of apoplexy.

T. S. Miller and wife, of Hyattsville, returned home after a week's visit to friends at this place. C. Mullins, of Livingston, has gone into the general merchandise business. Mrs. M. V. Reppert, of Mullins, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Newbitt. James Adams, of Garrard, is here Joe Adams is on a visit to Paint Lick. Samuel Brown is back from Bowling Green on a visit. Mrs. Sarah Welsh, accompanied by Miss Sallie Naughton, left Saturday night for a visit to friends in Louisville. One of our citizens has secured a good position with a Louisville house and will go there on the 10th of November.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

The services at the Baptist church, which had continued through the week, closed Sunday night. Rev. Coleman proposes to leave this week for Texas, where he will probably locate permanently. We are sorry to lose him. He is a faithful and effective preacher and liked by all denominations. The Bridgewater church at Denom is completed and is now one of the neatest and most comfortable audience-rooms in the county. It would be a grand idea if "Bridge" could be induced to build 40 or 50 school-houses for the benefit of the youth of Lincoln; but as this would be taxing his good nature too far, may not his good example incite others to take the lead in so laudable an enterprise in their respective districts? This is a practical question and worthy of the gravest consideration. It is a question, too, which must be solved by enlightened, patriotic, philanthropic, individual effort. The curse of our school system is too much law and too little action. The man who develops a new industry or utilizes some neglected natural element, or invents some new application of skill or power or labor-saving machinery is hailed as a public benefactor. Is there not a wide and rich and promising field for effort in the development of the mighty

mass of uncultivated intellect in our grand old country? Good houses will call forth good teachers; good teachers will make good schools; good schools will turn out good scholars, and good scholars are fitted for the position of valuable citizens. "Q. E. D."

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

There is talk of establishing a bank here, also an opera-house, in the near future. Lookout for us, we are coming!

Mrs. Probst, an aged Swiss lady, had trouble with her husband and skipped for Cleveland, Ohio, Sunday. This is the second time she has given the old man the shake.

Quite a novel feature was introduced at the sociable at Mrs. Farris' on Saturday evening by "Sailing Dave" Jackson, in the role of Dr. Woods, a Centenarian. Smiling Dave is a good one and we wouldn't take a home for him.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Williams and Misses Maggie and Virginia Dishman, of Barbourville, spent Saturday and Sunday here. Messrs. D. K. Garrard, J. W. Reid and William Murphy, of Manchester, were here Saturday.

Wallace & Co.'s Circus showed to about 2,000 people here Saturday. Their street parade in the morning was very fine, but the show was almost a failure. The employees were discharged and the cages and canvas shipped to Peru, Indiana. The canvas-men claim they did not get any pay for their work.

R. M. Jackson has returned from Atlanta, Georgia, where he has been to dispose of a car-load of mules. He was in Atlanta when President Cleveland was there, but didn't get to see him. It was raining so much the President could not call on him. Although Bob is an up and down, through and through Cleveland man, he would not miss a horse trade to see all the presidents in the United States.

Mrs. P. A. Farris gave the young folks a sociable Saturday evening that was a decided success. Her large and elegant parlor was filled with youngsters and all enjoyed themselves hugely. Among the visiting ladies were Misses Maggie and Virginia Dishman, of Barbourville; Mamie Conover and Dora Farris, of East Bernstadt. Mrs. C. E. Farris and Miss Kate L. Brown did much to amuse and entertain all present.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

Farmers complain that the dry weather is likely to injure the young wheat. Some of it is already dying for want of moisture.

Elder G. W. Yancey is holding a protracted meeting at North Middletown. His pulpit was filled Sunday by Elder Arnold, of Paris.

Miss Lena Gould, of Delphi, Indiana, is visiting Miss Pearl Brown. Mrs. C. Comersom, of Louisville, is visiting her son-in-law, W. O. Sweeney.

On Friday Dr. William Hoffman was thrown by a young horse he was riding and one of his ribs was fractured. He suffers very much, but there is no serious danger.

The News is hot for the Louisville Southern. Although this subject is getting to be quite a chestnut, still we want the road and something should be done to get it.

Messrs. H. C. Kauffman, W. J. Kinnaird and William Lloyd have returned from the West, highly pleased with that portion of the republic. Kauffman and Kinnaird made heavy investments in Kansas City and Lloyd bought property in Nebraska City, to which place he will shortly remove.

New Photograph Gallery!

Opposite Female College. Call and examine my work. Cabinet \$4 per dozen. Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. R. PAUL, Photographer.

277-11

H. C. JOHNSON, THE BOOT & SHOE MAKER,

is now prepared with a good stock and an additional workman to do any kind of work in his line promptly and in the best manner. Give him a trial. Shop on Lancaster street. (277)

Estray!

A Bay Mare, 14 or 16 years old, in poor condition, is for sale about 3 weeks ago. The owner can get her by paying for this advertisement and the keeping of her.

ALLEN BEAZLEY, Stanford, Ky.

277-31

For Rent.

A Desirable Dwelling House and Store Room in Hustonville.

On Danville street, near Main. There is also a Garden and Stable. It is a very suitable place to run a small store. Call on or address

CHAS. H. BISHOP, Hustonville, Ky.

276-11

DR. S. C. DAVIS, Physician and Surgeon,

Mt. Vernon, Ky.

Office next door to Whitehead's Drug Store. Special attention given to diseases of children

CANNOT BE BEATEN.

EXPERIENCE WITH A NOTED AND SUCCESSFUL GAMBLER.

A Talk About "Straight" Games and "Crooked" — Robbing a Countryman. Wonderful Manipulation of Cards—A Faro Box for "Skin" Gambling.

I had an extraordinary experience a few days ago with one of the most noted and successful gamblers in America. We occupied adjoining chairs coming from Philadelphia, and we talked about gambling in New York on the way.

"I have heard a good many stories," I said, "of high playing up town within the past two weeks. Is it really so?"

"I have been in New York twenty-five years," said the gambler quietly, "and I have never known them to roll as high as they are rolling now. There is a combination of four Jews who are playing faro in a fashion that would make the old Mississippi gamblers hold their breath. Every bet is four figures, and they have crippled D—'s bank to the tune of \$50,000 in three nights. It is a curious thing, by the way, that nearly all Hebrews will bet recklessly on cards, though they are so cautious in business matters. They are in some respects the best gamblers I ever played against. If a Jew sees a chance of getting back a dollar by taking a risk, he will take the risk every time."

"Are most games straight now in New York?"

"I don't know a crooked game in the whole city. The fact is that gamblers have learned at last that it is just as easy to run straight as crooked. The percentage in favor of the house is enough to make any man rich if he sticks to the game. It is exactly like any other business. A merchant who is crooked will fail in the long run. There are a lot of flash mushroom establishments along Broadway which show up in great shape for a year or two and then go under. They can't last if they are crooked. The straight houses come out ahead."

I mentioned the name a few moments later of a well-known actor, who has a predilection for high play, and the gambler said, with a chuckle:

"That particular actor made \$1,000 in the course of an hour a few nights ago."

"How?"

"A friend of his, a gambler in very hard luck, went to the actor and said he had a friend from out of town who was anxious to play against the bank, and he suggested that the actor and the other should go in and fleece him at faro. They went to a skin game on Sixth avenue and got him to open a faro bank with stacked cards, and about 11 o'clock at night the actor and the countryman came in together. They had agreed to pool their issues, and the actor put up \$1,000 against a similar amount by the countryman. They then took their \$2,010 and the actor agreed to do the playing. Within half an hour the money was all gone, the lights were turned out, and the countryman was sent on his way. Then the gambler went up to the actor to get his half of the money, but he got nothing. The actor took the \$1,000, gave the dealer \$50 for his trouble, and left town the following day \$750 ahead. The busted sport who engineered the whole thing has got his revenge by telling everybody about it."

If I were to give the name of the actor who indulged in this transaction it would cause an immense amount of astonishment, as his newspaper interviews are invariably full of bitter and heartfelt woe at the prevalence of gambling in America.

It occurred to me a little later that it was a good opportunity to introduce a man who had a system for beating games of chance to the gambler. I told him about my friend, and he said that no system was ever invented that could play successfully against luck.

"Well," said I, "the man whom I have in view has been sending me letters and telegrams about his particular discovery, and I would like to have you look at it."

"I will examine it with great pleasure," said the gambler, heartily, "if you will both come around to my hotel this afternoon, but I tell you beforehand that you will go away convinced that no system can play against a game in which chance figures as an important factor. I have been in this business a great many years, and I have made and lost many fortunes, so that I speak by the card."

At 5 o'clock that afternoon I telegraphed a man that had a new system (he is a colonel of militia), and we went together to the hotel. We were met by the fellow-faced man of chance, and he wandered up to his room ahead of us. He opened a little leather satchel, took out a faro box, put it on the table, and then brought out a number of cards with the seals still unbroken. I ought to state that the colonel's system had been tested with extraordinary success by all the devices that we could call to mind, and that he had continually and persistently come out ahead.

The gambler ran his slim fingers over the faro box and said:

"Do you think Herrman, Goldberg or Keller knew anything about cards? Because if you do I will prove to you that they are shoe-makers."

He then asked me to select a package of cards and shuffle them. I did so. "Now," he said, "name any card you please and you will find it between my hand and the chair."

"Any one of the fifty-two cards?"

"The eight of spades."

He shuffled the pack twice and then asked me to look on the chair. I did so and took the eight of spades from beneath his leg. He had found it and abstracted it from the pack while shuffling them and placed it there without our being able to detect him. He then amused and astonished us by forcing four kings or four aces to come to the top of the pack whenever he wanted them, although we shuffled the cards, and later he did what I consider the most extraordinary trick that can be performed in this world. He would take a fresh pack of cards and deal them rapidly in the regular way, except that he would deal us three hands precisely as we called for them. To do this he was obliged to read a backs of the cards and extract them from different places in the pack with such marvelous quickness that the eye could not follow him. After he had thus proved that no man could play with a professional gambler who had any wits, he was crooked, he took his faro box out and began to knock the colonel's system to splinters. Before he had operated five minutes the colonel slammed his fist on the table and said emphatically:

"I have seen enough to make me decide right here that I will never play another game of faro as long as I live."

The gambler could at will by touching certain springs in his box force all low cards or high cards to come up in turn, and, in fact, had as much command over the box as though that little silver device was human. Every card he called for came at his will, and men letting against him were entirely and utterly at his mercy. And yet the whole thing was so thoroughly innocent looking that it defied detection. I could not help wondering afterward whether there was more than one meaning in the emphasis he laid on the statement that all the gambling nowadays in New York is strictly honest and straight.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A LITTLE BOY JOCKEY.

Too Late at the Starting Post—Pluck, Energy and Skill Win at Last.

One of the most interesting features of the day was the conduct of a pretty little boy who appeared as a jockey. He was goodly dressed and his suit was evidently new. His name, as scribbled on the judge's slate, looked like Osber. He had a mount in the second race, and did little figuring in trying to secure a start. Nevertheless he looked "up to snuff," and many bet on his horse, believing that the little fellow knew all about riding. More than a dozen false starts were made. Finally, with his horse at the pole, the starter dropped the red flag and away went all but little Osber. He was evidently confused. The starter rapped the pole with his flagstaff and yelled "Go!" frantically in the jockey's ears, but the horse moved not. It was too late and the little fellow rode slowly to the paddock entrance, where he dismounted and burst into a storm of sobs.

Not a spectator laughed. Those who had bet on him swore a little, but the child's grief was too genuine to excite anything but pity. He had another mount in the fourth race, and many were the expressions of sympathy as he cantered by the grand stand in a warning-up heat before the call to the post. The time for the start came, and the little fellow's lips were shut close together as he held his horse with a stiff rein and furtively watched the rival jockeys. There were four starters. After several trials they got away all in a bunch. So closely were they bunched that when they came to the first turn, which was almost immediately, the four horses were wedged against each other, their sides and flanks steaming with the sudden and hot friction. The outside jockey was nearly thrown in the confusion. Osber had his horse next but one to the pole, and was badly squeezed by his rivals. With energy and skill that were really admirable, he pressed the spurs into his horse, and, leaning away forward, seemed to be helping her out of the ruck by main strength.

Stride by stride the animal pushed her nose to the fore, and when they were all past the turn, Osber was ahead at the much desired pole. But he was not pressed, and as he went flying past the grand stand on the first round his teeth were still shut closely together, and his face had an anxious look. The next time around he had opened the distance between him and the second horse, and was sure of victory. His lips opened wide as he spurred his horse to further endeavor, and underneath his long vizor the spectator could see the supplest expression that ever lit up a boy's eyes. Not satisfied with winning, he made his horse distance all the others, an excusable error under the circumstances. The crowd cheered heartily, and the losers in this event could not restrain a smile of sympathy at the boy's proud strut as he carried the bride at the side of the full-grown stable boy who bore the heavier burden of the saddle from the paddock.—Chicago Herald.

Creole Maiden in Society.

Three or four years spent in the convent, and mademoiselle La Creole is free. Perhaps before making her debut she studied under masters of music, languages, literature, and drawing for a year or more. Then she is permitted a formal entrance into society; she has crossed the flowery borders of girlhood, and has developed into a lovely young woman. There is fascination slumbering in her dark liquid eyes, as her fringed lids drooping over them soften but do not diminish their brilliancy. Her complexion has either an ivory pallor, or is of creamy whiteness absolutely dazzling, and of satiny texture, with hair black as the raven's wing. Her face has not much color save in her lips.

She is usually small, but rarely angular. Her limbs, however slender, are rounded, with peculiarly supple joints. Her gait is an undulating glide, due, say the anatomists, to the modifications climate has produced in the osseous formation of the creoles. No woman of her race can ever be seen walking, as so many American women walk, as if they were continually ascending stairs. As a rule, she will have magnificent hair. One wonders, in marking the luxuriance of these tresses, how the little heads contrive to carry such a weight. Very rarely indeed is a blonde seen among them, but they themselves fairly adore the Saxon type. With all her heart and soul the debutante enjoys the gayety into which she has plunged. Of dancing she never tires, and when *Leut* arrives it finds the ardor of her enthusiasm for balls, parties and musicales not one whit abated.—Harper's Bazar.

The Top of Washington Monument.

The construction of a suitable apex called forth much discussion and a number of plans. It was first suggested to roof over the structure with a framework of iron and glass; but it was thought that the chemical action of the weather on the metal would discolor the face of the walls. The design for a marble pyramid fifty-five feet in height, submitted by Mr. Bernard R. Green, civil engineer, was finally adopted. Twelve stories, a foot thick, three on each side of the well, began to grow out from the face of the walls 470 feet from the base. As these are carried upward, the ribs nearest the angle of the shaft meet in the hips of the pyramid, while those in the center of each face are connected still higher up by voussoir stones, forming two arches intersecting each other at right angles. The thrust of each corner rib is transmitted to its opposite by the use of horizontal stones between their upper extremities. The buttresses support the roof covering of marble slabs, about seven inches thick.

The capstone is tipped with an aluminum pyramid, which is connected by a copper rod with four lightning rods passing to the upper extremities of the iron columns of the elevator shaft, and the bottoms of these columns are grounded in the well in the center of the foundation.—Oscar Foote in American Magazine.

Long Summer Days in England.

The extreme brevity of the English summer nights always interests the stranger. It is not fully dark until nearly 11 o'clock, and reading is possible on a clear night up to nearly 10. The gray dawn begins to glimmer at about 2 in the morning, and by 3 it is quite light again. This doesn't seem to give the creatures that go to bed and get up with the sun time enough for rest. The roosters and such folk have a worn and sleepless look, and evidently suffer from insomnia. These brief nights, of course, are accompanied by a corresponding extraordinary length of days. We are accustomed to expect this sort of thing by hearsay in Norway, Sweden and Russia, but it seems at first novel and unfair to find an English speaking country blessed with such an extra quantity of daylight.—London Letter.

Frank D. Sherman's August Cherries. Frank D. Sherman has a poem on "August" in *St. Nicholas*, in which appear the lines:

August, month when sleepy cows seek the shade of spreading boughs, Where the robin quirts his head, Contemplating cherries red.

An August cherry must be a canned cherry or the robin must be fooling Mr. Sherman.—San Francisco Alta.

But wild cherries ripen in August, as any country schoolboy knows. The poet stands acquitted.

WONDERS OF ALASKA.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENERY OF THE INLAND PASSAGE.

Magnificent Appearance of the Coast Line—Visiting the Indian Cabins—A Place for Pioneer—The Wonderful Muir Glacier—Fall of Icebergs.

How shall any one describe the glories of the inland passage, with snow-capped mountains on the main and islands on the opposite side, rising often to the snow line, staying the mighty Pacific from rocking one's steamer; a twelve day trip and the total course of 2,300 miles from and return to Tacoma, W. T. A many a scene is like the Hudson at the Highlands; and many another like the Egean sea skirting the coast of Asia Minor; and still others like Switzerland's most beautiful mountain bound lakes; while the general combination, making a succession of beauties and sublimities, is purely Alaskan. Those who contentedly tucked themselves in their little beds along the Atlantic can have no idea of the republican magnificence of our beloved country as she stretches across the continent and reaches her fingers to Asia.

So many are the windings in the archipelago and mainland that in Alaska alone our country has 15,000 miles of sea coast. A large percentage of the coast line is precipitate from the water's edge, and is clothed with primeval forests of spruce, fir, pine, white cedar, and adorned with arbutus and other gaudy hardy flowers. Of the inexhaustible fur seal, salmon and cod fisheries I need not speak, for they have a world wide fame.

The range of the passengers to visit the "ranches" or street of Indian cabins in each village where we land, and to purchase the wildest carvings or pictures from the most squalid surroundings, would prognosticate the grief of other travelers who should come here only after the Alaskans had entirely abandoned heathenism, which degrades them, and been exalted into American citizenship, for which so many of them are earnestly hoping. Totem poles, Chilcat blankets of Rocky mountain sheep's wool, black slate carvings, horn and bone spoons, painted dancing hats and masks, broadened moosehides, Esquimaux sealhide snow boots, pipes, war clubs, canoes, paddles, walrus tusks, water tight red baskets, shik's' boots, earrings and necklaces, gold and silver carved bracelets, finger rings, armlets, anklets, labrets or lip pins, with matting, gambling tools and the like, were absorbed by the passengers as readily as sunlight harmlessly drinks the miasma of swamps.

A PLACE FOR PIONEERS.

Were 50,000 of our ambitious tilters in the Empire city to start for Alaska with their wives, by either the Northern or Union Pacific railroad, and keep their eyes and ears open on the way, about 10,000 of them would reach here and make fortunes, and the rest would find openings en route for their talents and energies and create wealth for themselves all along or anywhere along the lines. But the cornerstone of this prosperity would be their taking their homes with them, a thing which can invariably be done by every man if he will. In times past the neglect of this excellence has turned too many of the pioneer settlers of our country into drunkards, brigands, idlers and brutes. Men must carry something beside their cupidity and avarice; they must carry their dignity, purity and hope with them if they would be successful immigrants.

At Port Chester, on Annette Island, Alaska, is in process of receiving a thousand Christian industrious Indians from Metlakathla, in British Columbia, a settlement organized and instructed by William Duncan during an administration of twenty-six years, who now find themselves moving away from the unequal land laws of the Dominion and the ritualistic tyranny of the Anglican church, to seek religious liberty and equal rights in our dear country. We saw a little navy of six sail, constructed by an Indian boat builder, leave Metlakathla as the advance division of this movement, full of spirit and sober virtues. When settled they will raise the population of Alaska to 41,000.

The greatest natural wonder of this trip is Muir glacier, in Glacier bay. This glacier is about sixty miles long and five miles from the bay it is about twenty-five miles wide. In its course it is fed by nine principal and eleven lesser glaciers. This accumulated mass of ice moves by an inexorable law through a gate of mountains only two miles wide, piling and jamming itself up into towers and pyramids from three hundred to a thousand feet high, grinding the mountains till they have yielded it a sand beach of beauty and smoothness. The near mountains are from 2,500 to 4,000 feet high; Mount Grillon, ten miles away, is 16,000 feet, and Mount Fairweather, distant twenty-five miles, is 15,000.

FALL OF THE ICEBERGS.

At its projection into the sea the glacier travels at the rate of forty feet a day, advancing leeward into the bay with the winds of thunder and earthquake. These retain the splendid blue tints of the parent glacier, when floating around us in great masses, some of them 400 feet square and standing from fifty to 100 feet out of the water. The fall of these icebergs rocks our boat like a storm, and we count twenty-six of them at one time. But the steamer fearlessly lies to within 600 feet of the place of metamorphosis from glacier to iceberg, her soundings with her longest line showing no bottom at 165 fathoms. When the iceberg is first weaned from the breast of the glacier it plunges almost out of sight in the sea, then rises to its full height, as if seeking to regain its place, and again sinks to rise again and again till it finally finds its equilibrium and is carried away by the wind or tide or both. This operation is stupendous and strikes awe into the soul, and yet casts such a weird magnificence of magnetism over the spirit that one leaves the Muir with regret.

What an improved American way of doing a glacier is this! Here there is no guide, no donkey, no carrying your own rations, no breathless climb, no diminutive *Mordre* Glacier, no loss of altitude, for everything is seen from sea level; no sleeping over night in a hospice or refuge at the half way point; but to be carried in ease and elegance to shake hands with the mighty glacier, to watch its operations from the cushioned saloon of a floating palace; this is the American way furnished to every comer by the Pacific Coast Steamship company. To land on the sandy beach and traverse the glacier is an inviting and easy essay, accomplished in a couple of hours; and men, women and children did more or less of it according to fancy. The Muir is the largest of five important glaciers, repaying the attention of the curious and scientific, every one of which surpasses in interest anything that Europe has to offer.—Elliott F. Shepard in New York Tribune.

A Lesson from Japan.

A lesson against the slaughter of birds comes from Japan. In that country insect pests have become so numerous that it is a custom to pluck the fruit for the market before it is ripe to prevent its destruction by insects.—Boston Budget.

New Orleans has a brass band of fourteen members that are all newboys.

IMMUNITY.

Leaf of the deep leaved chestnut tree, Long spared the weather god's disdain, Have not thy brothers borne for thee June's inevitable raging rain? And they are beautiful and hale, Those sun-veined revelers; and thou still crippled, still afraid and pale, Sole discord of the singing bough?—Louise Imogen Guiney in Lippincott's.

DEATH OF A WILDCAT.

A Typical Case of a Bank Failure Before the War.

As a typical case of the abjectest failure the Nemaha Valley bank of Brownville may be taken. After the time when the cashier, being reason to anticipate a run, had thoughtfully locked the front door and slipped out the back one, the editor of the Brownville Advertiser obtained leave to examine the books, and announced in the next issue of his paper that everything was sound, only time was needed. According to his account there was \$55,000 of the Nemaha Valley currency in circulation. The assets of the concern consisted of "stock notes," \$73,000; discounted paper at thirty and sixty days, over \$5,000; cash, over \$1,000. It surely required a western journalist, characteristically impressed with the need of maintaining public confidence, to state that such a condition of things indicated soundness.

Suppose, for instance, that it should transpire that the "stock notes" were virtually worthless. Such a thing was not uncommon, as the stockholders of the old state banks used often to "pay up" their capital by giving their personal notes, and then when occasion offered they could take measures to make these notes entirely worthless. Suppose, further, that the discounted paper had been received from those who were not reliable, at least in a financial crisis. Suppose also that the alleged "cash" consisted of the like of other banks as worthless as the one under investigation, and suppose, finally, that the books had been "fixed," and that in reality much more than \$55,000 of currency had been issued.

Such was very nearly the condition of the Nemaha Valley bank. The machinery of the courts was put in motion to enforce the redemption of the currency, and nearly \$1,000 of the old bills are stored among the records of the district court. Property was levied upon that usually turned out to belong to some one else, and finally the sheriff reports having levied upon and sold a safe, a table, a stove and a letter press, which altogether brought \$63. The last plea which the absent president ventured to make was, that the so-called "Nemaha Valley bank" could not be sued, since in reality it had not been legally incorporated at all.—Overland Monthly.

America and Australia.

I found myself constantly making comparisons and discovering similarities between America and Australia, though when I began to analyze the points of similarity they did not amount to much beyond wooden houses, trees, stacks of sawn timber, watermelons, bananas and sweet potatoes, close platted straw hats, and a general suggestion of bigness, freedom, uncles and don't careisms. It seemed to me as well that there was a likeness between the American type of character and the Australian. The same open air of honesty, and some of the same open air self assertiveness struck me; the same curious combination of utilitarianism and a spiritual, and the power of adaptability, particularly to be noticed in the women of both races—much, too, I thought, of the same originality and individual way of putting things; much also of the slavish adoration and imitation of everything English. But some cultivated Americans to whom I mentioned this fancy of mine did not take to the suggestion. I think that they looked upon Australia as still in a state of barbarism; whereas one of them assured me that American civilization was the concentrated result of deliberate selection from everything of good involved in the course of many centuries. Europe, he said, had created an experimental civilization; but America, meaning the United States, had taken hers ready made, and had improved upon it.—Temple Bar.

Book Stalls on Board Ship.

Nowhere is light literature in such request as on board ship, and yet to pan has been hit upon to reach the enormous floating readers of eager purchasers out of reach of the existing sources of supply. I use difficulties in the way, nor any reason why book stalls should not be opened on board passenger ships as well as at railway stations. Such a move in any disadvantageous way affect the economy of the ship or companies. From all I can hear from persons intimately acquainted with the working of passenger carrying steamers, it seems probable that shipowners would readily fall in with the plan, and organization offering to add very considerably to the convenience of the public who patronize them, giving every facility to any commercial enterprise of the description. It might require some time for the business to take hold and secure an extensive connection, such as would raise it to the position of a going concern. There would be features in the trade differing just so much from the railway department as to make a specialty of it; the management would have to devote them selves entirely to their particular branch, and the peculiarities of the business would soon become apparent to any bookseller not abnormally incapable. An experimental book stall or two set up on board Atlantic liners would perhaps be an advisable way of broadening the undertaking.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Simple Test of Kerosene Oil.

Take an ordinary put tin cup. Fill it within an inch of the top with water warmed to the temperature of 120 degrees Fahr. Pour on this water three or four tablespoonfuls of the oil and water together, and wait a short time, say a minute or two, for the oil to collect on the top. Try the thermometer again, and if the temperature is more than one degree from 120 degs. Fahr. add a little cold or hot water, as the case may be, so as to bring the temperature within one degree of 120 Fahr. Then stir again and give time, as before, for the oil to come to the top. Now apply a burning match or lighted taper on a level with the top of the cup, say within half an inch of the oil. If within one second no flash occurs the oil is reasonably safe, otherwise it unsafe. Purchase four or five gallons of oil at a time and apply this test at each purchase.—Bulletin North Carolina State Board of Health.

A Rifle with Steel Bullets.

The French government is experimenting with a new rifle called the Pralon gun. The great advantage of the new weapon is a bullet of steel to replace that of lead. The steel bullet being much less in weight than the leaden would enable the soldier to carry a greater number of cartridges, which is of essential importance. It also increases the velocity of the bullet on leaving the gun, which circumstance decreases the curve made by the projectile and considerably reduces the jerk suffered by the gunner on discharging the weapon. These advantages are great. Nevertheless, the weapon has not yet been found perfect, and cannot yet be adopted. But it opens a new field of further improvements in gunnery.—Chicago News.

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WOMAN AND ARTIST.

I thought to win me a name
Should ring in the ear of the world
How can I work with small pink dots
About my fingers curled?
Then add to name and to fame!
They scarce are worth at the best
One touch of this wet little, warm little mouth
With its lips against my breast.
—Miss Williams Brotherton in The Century.

A FAMOUS DUELIST.

About half way up the Rue du Jour, near the St. Eustache church, in Paris, is an old house, rendered conspicuous by a wide porch and an extensive stock in trade of china. This, two centuries ago, was the Hotel du Royanmont, built by Philippe Hurault, bishop of Chartres and abbot of Royanmont. Later on it was occupied by Francois de Montmorency, Comte de Bouteville, who made it a generous rendezvous for the duellists in Paris. All the gentlemen of the court, eager to challenge any of their peers over some love intrigue, or who for some personal motive looked daggers at each other on the Place Royale or the Cour la Reine, met at the mansion in the Rue du Jour. Here they were hospitably received and entertained; they were offered a cold collation with wine and liquors before entering the lists, and those who had forgotten to bring weapons were provided with a goodly selection of polished steel. Throughout the morning there was an incessant clash of blades, each thrust and parry being watched with intense interest by veterans, who, after old scores had been wiped off, and the recent surgeon had bandaged the combatants' wounds, were invited, with the duellists and their seconds, to luncheon with the Comte de Bouteville.

It would doubtless be a vain quest to seek, nowadays, for a single representative of this defiant race of duellists, a race to which Choquet eventually belonged. He must have had ancestors among the exquisites of the reign of Louis XIII, the swash bucklers of the Hotel de Royanmont, or the splendid corps of musketeers of Louis XV. Choquet's mania for duelling, his ever recurring provocations to decide a difference at the sword's point made him a public character, and his reputation was perhaps heightened rather than diminished by the fact that his most terrible challenges were unable to withstand the offer of a peaceful solution over a bowl of punch. His guileless talk and southern accent, his peculiar way of hopping and other physical oddities, gave to his daily Odyssey a smack of the most genuine comic buffoonery.

When the mania for fighting was strong within him it was difficult to evade his mood. One day he would enter a coffee house, take a seat and say to a near neighbor:
"After you, The Figaro, please."

"But," he would pointly respond, "it is not The Figaro but The Constitutionnel that I am reading."

"Oh! you, sir, or, by God! I'll teach you better manners."

On another occasion he would introduce a like scene after this fashion:
"Now, don't keep staring at me in that offensive manner, please!"

"I," expostulated the customer, "Lord bless me, sir, I didn't even see you. I was looking the other way."

"Oh! then I am a liar, am I?" And Choquet would rise from his seat in a threatening attitude.

Even the most peaceful person could scarcely put up with such insolence. They felt like knocking up their sleeves and knocking Choquet down. Nor did he fail, at times, to meet with his deserts. He more than once stumbled on a Tartar. His best known scrape that way is worth relating. Choquet one day entered a courtyard to challenge a master builder, who was pumping water at a fountain. The master builder looked up surprised, caught hold of Choquet by the scruff of his neck, doubled him up, put him under the pump and washed him like a dead rat.

The story of Choquet's adventures would fill a volume, but I will relate only one, wherein I acted as his second.

One night, at a masked ball, Choquet quarreled with a Turk. Cards were exchanged. The following day Choquet, with his two seconds, went to his adversary's house. The Turk of the previous evening turned out to be a well-to-do apothecary, who arrived on business in the Saint Martin quarter. On entering the premises Choquet inquired after M. Balin.

"What can I do for you?" asked a young and pretty woman, who came forward from the back of the shop.

"Stuff and nonsense! I don't like joking in matters of serious importance. My name is Choquet. I come for an affair of honor. A gentleman should not be made to wait in this manner. Your husband is an ill bred dog."

"Oh, excuse me, now I know what brings you. This is what I have to say. My husband went to yesterday to spend the carnival, and it has made him ill. He is in bed, and expects blood."

"Dear me," remarked Choquet, turning toward his seconds, "what a mischance! He gets blood, did you say?"

"Alas! yes, sir," answered the young woman, who seemed much affected, "and the doctor says that he has not six months to live."

"Dear me!" went on repeating Choquet, "six months! How shall we settle matters, then? I have six months to live. Well, madame, I'm not a bad fellow, whatever others may think. Now listen to what I have to say. We are in January, aren't we? Just so. Well, I'll give your husband six months to be buried in. I shall call around and pay my respects six months hence. If, in July next, your husband isn't dead and buried, I'll treat him as a knave and deceiver, and place his name in all the barracks of Paris."

This threat, which constantly fell from Choquet's lips, was a reminder of his soldier life. The thought never suggested itself that an upholsterer might not care the jingle of a brass farthing whether his name was placarded or not in all the barracks of the country.

One fine afternoon in July of that same year, Choquet took hold of my arm at the Varieties coffee house, and said:

"Come along with me, old boy; I have a small matter which I really must clear up without further loss of time."

We took a road which led toward the Saint Martin quarter, and, as we walked along, Choquet entered circumstantially into the particulars of the case. The upholsterer's day of reckoning had arrived, and Choquet was bent on finding out whether his former Turk had paid the funeral debt of six months previously by his wife.

"If," soliloquized Choquet, "the rogue is still alive, I'll cut off both his ears, you know. I'm justified in so doing, am I not?"

"Of course you are, my dear fellow. But, let me ask, the thing occurred long ago, didn't it, and in the carnival season? And again, what did the fellow do to warrant such a feud?"

"What did he do, the villain? Just listen and I'll tell you. I was at a masked ball given at the Renaissance theatre. I walked into the greenroom in my dress suit. I am spare of limb, as you can see. Suddenly a Turk stopped directly in front of me and bawled out: 'Hallo, there goes the Fat Ox!'

Make way, please, for the Fat Ox! Every body roared at this sally. I was downright vexed, as you may suppose. So I made up to him and said: 'My merry friend, at noon tomorrow you shall be a dead man!'

"He was in the wrong, certainly," I pleaded, "to insinuate so invidious a comparison between a thin man like you and a fat ox; but—"

We had reached our destination. Entering the shop, we came upon M. Balin, the upholsterer, who, all budding and blooming, was busy working at a parcel of goods.

"Oh, that's your little game, isn't it?" began Choquet, as soon as he set his eyes on his insouciant victim. "You're alive, then? I thought as much. But you don't play the monkey with me any longer, Mister Turk; you've caught the wrong sow by the ear this time, let me tell you!"

"M. Choquet!" exclaimed the merchant. "Yes, sir, my name is Choquet—Choquet, do you hear, sir—who'll have none of this tomfoolery. Your wife—where is she, your wife? She's young and pretty, but wants to run a rig upon me. Your wife, I say, and that you were once my last eggs and would be as dead as a herring in less than six months, and here you are, alive and kicking. Now, is that the way you keep your engagements?"

"Ah! M. Choquet," rejoined the merchant, who had somewhat recovered from his first fright, "I have been ill, very ill, indeed. You'll never see me don the Turkish garb again. 'Tis over now. So let me ask you to forgive and forget any improper thing I may have said on that eventful night."

"The moment," said Choquet, "is not quite so fast, please. Do you tender your excuses in the regular form?"

"Faith, I don't quite understand what form that is. But this I know, for I have inquired about you and learned that you were a right good fellow. Come, I have a roasted leg of mutton with kidney beans. Will you do me the honor to dine with me, you and your friend?"

My wife will be overjoyed. Aggie, why don't you come? Here is M. Choquet who accepts an invitation to dine with us."

Of course I nodded assent, while it was not difficult to read on Choquet's relaxing countenance that the roasted leg of mutton had found the way to his heart.

"Then, again," added M. Balin, who now felt that he had the game in his own hands, "I have a certain Madeira about which I would like to have your opinion, M. Choquet."

"You have no Madeira, sir," retorted Choquet, with a deep frown over his eyelids.

"But—"

"I say you have no Madeira, sir," exclaimed the duelist, raising his voice and gestulating like a madman. "And please take notice that I am not to be contradicted on this point. I have drunk but one glass of genuine Madeira during the whole course of my life. 'Twas at the Tuileries. Yes, sir, I was just recovered from sickness, and I was on duty at the king's dinner."

A glass of Madeira having been turned out for Louis XVIII, his majesty, turning toward the cup bearer, said: "Hand that to Choquet, and give him my compliments. Do you hear me now?"

"But, Monsieur Choquet, I assure you,"—"I say that you have no Madeira, sir," screamed Choquet, who had grown furious, and brought his hand down with terrific force on the wooden counter. "If you once more dare to say that you have Madeira when I'll tear your head clean off from your shoulders!—And what else did you say, you said?"

"Well," said the merchant, who was somewhat staggered at this sudden fit of passion, "I've a leg of mutton with kidney beans."

"A leg of mutton," said Choquet, in a soft tone of voice, "that's good, when it's roasted. But I'm confident 'twill be overdone. Have you got such a thing as a spit?"

"A spit! I should say I had," burst out M. Balin, with kindling eyes. "Only just pass this way, gentlemen, and see for yourselves."

The merchant led us into a comfortable back shop, which answered the purpose of a dining room. There on the hearth, in front of a bright blazing fire, a fine leg of mutton majestically turned on a spit, like the planet round the sun.

"That looks nice," remarked Choquet, after a moment of silent contemplation. "You are not altogether an idiot. A man who knows the worth of a spit deserves to live. But why don't you taste your leg of mutton?"

"So saying Choquet took up the spit and began pouring over the meat the rich steaming juice. At that moment the merchant's wife came in.

"Ah, good day, madame, good day to you!" said Choquet, as he leaned over and deluged the savory roast. "Well, you see what has happened. Your husband isn't dead after all. Dear me, how shall we get to arrange the matter? The very provoking, very."

"Alas, sir," was a severe trial. God, in his goodness, has spared his life. I trust the woman will be of service to him."

"God, in his goodness!" went on muttering Choquet. "That's all very well. But we haven't settled our little difficulty as yet."

"Come now, Choquet," said I, interrupting him pretty sharply, "we've had enough on that score. M. Balin has tendered you his best excuses in my presence, and cordially invites you to dinner; what more do you want?"

"Dear me," said Choquet, still fascinated by the leg of mutton, "I do think it is beginning to turn at the joint."

The difficulty was now over, and the duelist completely disarmed. We all had dinner. Choquet recounted his duels to the upholsterer, and drank with great gusto his "spurious" Madeira.

Choquet died in poverty. For over twenty years he had lived on a small pension granted him by the Comte de Chambord. When, however, he received 500 francs, his wife was to give his friends a supper which cost the same sum, so that certain days of the year he went supperless to bed. Still, he was extremely punctilious in money matters.—Boston Courier Translation from the French of Auguste Villermot.

Shooting at the Shah's Yacht.

The ship of Persia is coming to Europe next April, and will visit all of the principal capitals, invitations having been received at Teneas from London, Petersburg and Paris. The Shah has spent the summer at his dignity will permit him to cross the Channel sea in a Russian steamer. The Persian flag was formerly paramount in these waters, but it has seldom been seen in the Caspian since a tragic affair which recently occurred at Backu. The Shah's yacht was entering the harbor with the Persian flag flying, when a shot was fired from the fort, which struck the water near her. The Persian captain thought he was being saluted by the Russians, and pursued his course; but presently three more shots came in rapid succession, each one in more dangerous proximity to the vessel, whereupon he hoisted down the flag. The Russians are morbidly tenacious on such points in eastern waters, but this manifestation of zeal was regarded as ill timed at St. Petersburg, the obnoxious vessel being a royal yacht, and it is said that the Shah was enraged that he caused his luckless captain's head to be chopped off.—Laganon Truth.

Russia will celebrate, on Oct. 26, the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of her first railroad. The country has now 17,000 miles of railroad.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

TO DRAW THE SOUL AWAY FROM THE WORLD'S WICKEDNESS.

A Theory of Music as a Moral Force. Effects of Music in the Home—Two Young Collegians—The Idle of the City.

It is wiser to prevent than to punish crime. Among the many worthy schemes for the prevention of crime, such as the Waifs' Mission, Newsboys' Home, Home for the Friendless, Foundlings' Home, etc., music has been more or less utilized, but has never been treated as a remedy in and of itself. It is easy to show how it may be made use of as a separate factor in the moral disease of our body politic.

First, then, idleness and vice are closer related than poverty and vice, for, as Emerson says, "a man's daily task is his salvation," and a busy poor man is less liable to temptation than a rich idler. It is to occupy the attention of those who are by force of circumstances or choice idle that the government should exert itself. The Roman rulers recognized this principle and gladiatorial contests, great sham sea fights and festivals were arranged to amuse the people. European dynasties carry out the same plan in different forms. Bands of music parade regularly and play in the open squares of all the large and many small cities of the continent, for the astute monarchs well know that the people forget their misery and poverty in the enjoyment of the music, and at the same time a patriotic feeling is awakened by military pomp and national hymns. It may be too much to say that Germany conquered France with "Die Wacht am Rhein," but no one can tell what might have occurred if the French soldiers could have had a new vigorous patriotic song to have marched to battle with as did the Germans. As surely as the patriotic sentiment should be cultivated, so sure is it that music should be encouraged. But it is of music in the home, at the same time, that we should chiefly speak, for the hearthstone is the nursery of the nation, the cradle of honor or vice. Here is a family whose parents do not sing or play any instrument; their children grow up, and the ordinary games are seen worn out. A neighboring saloon has a fine barrel organ; here they congregate as often as expedient. Or some neighbor's boy has a mouth organ; they will crowd around him, follow him, and, charmed out of mischief, will pass many an innocent hour in so much delight as a post ever dreamed of. But they have no music at home, and when they can't pick up some few itinerant strains they roam about, soon become petty thieves, and in time are mustered in at the Bridewell and join the army at the penitentiary. Another family picture in the same strata of life: The father plays the "violin," the mother learned to sing a little, and though the voice never knew the meaning of that mysterious phrase, "false building," yet she could sing Sunday school tunes, a few comic songs, per lups, and a ballad or two like "Way Down Upon the Swanne River." After supper and on Sundays the children, and now and then a neighbor's children, gather around and are led through the mazes of "Virginia Reel," "Fishers' Hornpipe," or some "Carnival of Venice" with variations, while the mother's voice sounds sweeter to the little ones than Patti's as she sings her favorite song or leads in some hymn, like "Rock of Ages, Clift for Me," in which all can join. These children spend their evenings mostly at home. Soon the oldest learns to play a flute, and by great economy a cabinet organ is provided for the sister, so that a family orchestra is finally established, and the years roll around while these hearts expand in harmony and the waves of temptations beat in vain against this fortress of music.

These are pictures among the poor. Among the rich it is worse, because the life is more complex. Take the career of two young men sent to college at the same age. One had parents who sang in church, had their children sing at home and even had them instructed in piano playing (to be sure, the teacher was a poor girl, whom they patronized from a feeling of charity; and her instruction was very mild). The other didn't like music, endured it only at church as a necessary evil, taught his boy that all music was sheer folly, or worse, etc. The first one, while away his spare hours at college with piano playing, joined the glee club and took a pride in his music as an accomplishment. He comes home, and the first thing after settling down his mother finds him at the piano singing some college songs. He goes to church as much for the music as the sermon, and joins in the hymns; is on good terms with the organist, cultivates the acquaintance of Professor Blank, the pianist, and finally joins an amateur musical club, where he spends one night each week regularly.

The other boy is a good sportsman, with a liberal hand in gambling. His muscle is the largest in his class. He knows all the best games, best prize fighters and fastest horses in the country. Upon his arrival at home the club house of the pool room is his first care, and then the races, and the companionship of fast men. It is but one step more to the companionship of questionable characters, and if this young man does not turn up in the police court some morning under an assumed name it will be strange or owing to stringency of a special providence.

There are hundreds and thousands of idle men in a city like Chicago. Is it not better to occupy their thoughts with music than to leave them to brood over their misfortunes and rub the salt of their poor opinions until they become sores on the body politic? A city band of music performing each day in a public place would draw to it many who would otherwise be in mischief, and it would pay to engage thirty or forty men by the year to play regularly every day.

We hire a small army of men to keep filth and garbage from accumulation in our streets. Is not the accumulation of mental and moral garbage just as dangerous? The pure and inspiring effect of a good band of music will act as a disinfectant, purifying the condition of mental depravity as no other medium can. Again, scores of men are engaged in beautifying our parks and drives, which the poor cannot enjoy because they are so far away. If the money of the taxpayers can thus be used to pay for flowers to delight the sense of sight of rich people, who own carriages, can it not be justly appropriated to buy music for the poor? It is time our people began to think of these things, and consider if it is not as wise to amuse the poor as to entertain the rich; if it is not wiser to prevent than to punish crime.—Chicago Herald.

In a Hotel Lobby.

A man who spent three hours the other day in the lobby of the Palmer house, Chicago, gives the following statistics about the people who came in during that time: One legged men who came in, 47; one armed man, 18; men who wore glasses, 40; men who wore mustaches, 100; men who wore full beards, 50; men who would draw to it many who would otherwise be in mischief, and it would pay to engage thirty or forty men by the year to play regularly every day.

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SHAPELY AND EASILY FITTED.

Hands of Country Girls and the Kind of Gloves They Wear—Gloves for Men.

"How do you find New York ladies' hands?" "Comparatively small," said the girl at the glove counter. "They average between 5 1/2 and 6 1/2, but of course there are exceptions. Why, just before you came in I spent nearly three-quarters of an hour fudging and pulling at a No. 6 glove trying to get it on a hand that needed a 7 1/2. The woman was a society leader, and her diamonds would make me happy enough to leave here and get—well, never mind—that," and she blushed. "She may have worn a 6 five years ago, but she has no use for 6s now. What she wanted was 7 1/2s."

